THE UNIVERSITY BULLETINS
NEW SERIES. VOLUME I. NUMBER 2.

THE UNIVERSITY

OF

NORTH CAROLINA

THE RECORD

1901-1902

CHAPEL HILL
PUBLISHED BY THE UNIVERSITY
1901

THE UNIVERSITY PRESS
CHAPEL HILL

ADDRESSES MADE AT THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE REOPENING OF THE UNIVERSITY.

THE STRUGGLE AND STORY OF THE REBIRTH OF THE UNIVERSITY.

BY KEMP P. BATTLE, LL.D.

I prepared a full history of the rebirth of the University, of the incidents of which I was personally cognizant as Trustee and Secretary and Treasnrer. It is long enough to occupy an hour in the delivery. President Alderman mercilessly instructs me to cut it to fifteen minutes. If you think my effort, as delivered, is of the genus called "sorry," I beg you to hope that the eliminated pages are full of interest, under the maxim, *omne ignotum pro mirifico.*

The doors of the University were closed February 1. 1871.

In 1873, Professor Alexander McIver, then Superintendent of Public Instruction, a first honor graduate of the University, and always a warm friend, made an earnest effort to revive the institution. He called a meeting in the Senate chamber of the Capitol of all University alumni and friends to devise means to that end. The meeting was largely attended and enthusiastic resolutions were passed. In order to effect a reorganization, the trustees were requested to place their resignations in the hands of Governor Caldwell, a University man. The scheme failed, and then it was concluded that nothing but a constitutional amendment, giving the management of the institution to the General Assembly, would suffice.

In August, 1873, such an amendment was adopted by the people. The change was due to the influence of our alumni in the General Assembly especially of Montfort McGehee and Richard C. Badger, Mr. Badger, a Republican, assisting the Democrats in obtaining the requisite three-

fifths vote. The Assembly determined, by act of January 28, 1874, to delegate the management to sixty-four Trustees, elected by joint ballot to serve eight years. Only two of the last board were re-elected—Rev. Dr. Neill McKay and James A. Graham. Of those deprived of their offices in 1868, thirteen were found on the new board. Rev. Dr. McKay has the unique distinction of having been a member of all three boards.

William A. Graham was called temporarily to the chair and William L. Saunders was appointed secretary. It was then unanimously resolved that a committee, of which Mr. Manning was chairman, be appointed to wait on Governor Tod R. Caldwell and request him to preside at the meeting. His Excellency declined because in his opinion the General Assembly had no power to elect trustees, but that they should have been nominated by himself and confirmed by the Senate.

Notwithstanding this rebuff, the board continued its sessions. An executive committee was appointed. K. P. Battle was elected Secretary and Treasurer, to give a $20,000 bond.

The next day on motion of W. A. Graham, Messrs. Steele, Cameron, and Saunders were appointed a committee to visit Chapel Hill and report the condition of the University buildings and other property and of the available funds.

The next meeting was on April 9, 1874. Messrs. Fourney George, Mills L. Eure, Thomas D. S. McDowell, W. W. Peebles, J. H. Thorpe, who were not present at the preceding meeting, took their seats.

An elaborate report, prepared by W. L. Steele, chairman of the committee of three, was read by him. The committee met at Chapel Hill promptly. A written request was made of Dr. Pool for the keys and possession of the buildings. He declined to surrender their custody, but allowed the committee the privileges of visitors. Accordingly, they inspected all the buildings, except Smith Hall, the keys of which were not in Dr. Pool's possession. They found that there was urgent need of repairs.

On motion of Judge Eure, Messrs. W. A. Graham, J. J. Davis and K. P. Battle were appointed to take steps for bringing the question of the validity of the appointment of the trustees to judicial determination.

Fortunately for the speedy settlement of this question, Secretary and Treasurer Lassiter had deposited the seal of the University and the books relating to his office in the office of Superintendent McIver. The

superintendent readily consented that suit might be instituted against him for the possession of this property and to expedite the case as much as possible. Consequently, an action was brought against Dr. Pool at the May term, 1874, of Orange Superior Court The University lawyers, Messers. John W. Graham and James A. Graham, declined to accept a fee for their services. The judge, Tourgee, decided against the University, but an appeal was taken to the Supreme Court. In that court, in June, 1874, Hon. B. F. Moore and ex-Judge William H. Battle, who had been class-mates at the University, graduating in 1820, argued the question for their alma mater, likewise without charge. At the January term, 1875, the decision was for the University.

Another committee, on motion of ex-Governor Graham, was appointed to memorialize the General Assembly to restore to the University the principal ($125,000) of the Land Grant Fund, which had been impaired by the investment of the late board largely in worthless special tax bonds.

The memorial of the Trustees, written by the chairman, ex-Governor Graham, and endorsed by Governor Brogden, was duly submitted to the General Assembly, then in session. The case of the University was strongly argued by the distinguished chairman. The memorial is peculiarly interesting, as being his last state paper. The closing work of his great career was in behalf of the uplifting of the youth of the land, the restoration of the institution, whose halls he had left fifty-one years before, a highest honor graduate.

The bill to carry into effect the memorial was introduced into the House of Representatives on February 27, 1875, by Mr. Nereus Mendenhall of Guilford, a worthy member of the Society of Friends, a veteran teacher of hign reputation. It was referred to the Committee on Finance, of which Col. S. McD. Tate was chairman. Messrs. D. M. Carter and K. P. Battle, in pursuance of their appointment by the trustees, asked and obtained leave to address the committee on behalf of the bill, and were respectfully heard.

All familiar with the temper of the public mind at that time towards appropriations, especially towards anything like paying the interest on the public debt, will realize that if nothing had been done by the trustees the bill would have been sunk in the quagmire of "innocuous desuetude." Accordingly, with the approval of all, and at the request of many trustees, the Secretary and Treasurer spent several weeks in

the unpleasant business of lobbying for the measure. The surviving members of the General Assembly will bear witness that he used no argument, not even the price of a cigar or a glass of lemonade, other than earnest pleading for higher education.

The most active workers for the bill were Representatives William N. Mebane who exchanged his sophomoric gown in 1861 for the uniform of a Confederate soldier; Col. Paul B. Means, of the last class under the old regime, who has always been ready with head and time and purse to push forward his alma mater; George V. Strong, a first honor man of the class of 1845, who made one of the most eloquent of his many speeches during a long and successful career at the bar; and those strong lawyers, Marshall T. Pinnix, of the class of 1859; Platt D. Walker, of 1865-67; John M. Moring, of 1860-62; W. C. Fields of Alleghany, of 1869. Good work in our behalf was done by others, who mainly, on account of the civil war, were not sons of the University. I recall the strong appeals of Col. S. McD. Tate of Burke, one of our Trustees, and one of the ablest men of the Piedmont country, whose position as Chairman of the Committee on Finance gave him peculiar power; of Alfred M. Erwin of McDowell, whose advocacy could not possibly have had any taint of of self-interest, because he was a confirmed old bachelor; of Mr. Spears of Harnett; and of the able Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, who had then as little idea of ever having a position in our faculty as he had of being chief justice of Porto Rico or one of the Philippines, our esteemed professor of law, ex-Judge James Cameron MacRae, then of Cumberland.

In the Senate the friends of the University had ascertained their safe majority, and they concluded not to consume time by speaking. Mr. W. W. Peebles of Northampton, however, could not be restrained, and short but strong speeches were made by Messrs. E. W. Kerr of Sampson, W. F. French of Columbus, Joseph Cashwell of Brunswick and Bladen, Col. Edward Cantwell of New Hanover, and last, but by no means least, by one, although an alumnus and Trustee of another institution, always our friend, active and efficient, now a Trustee of ours, Charles Manly Cooke of Franklin.

On March 2 Mr. Tate reported the bill with the chilling statement that "the committee were divided, a portion recommending its passage." It was made a special order for March 4, subsequently changed to March

9, when it was again postponed to March 11. These postponements were at the instance of the friends of the measure, who were laboring to mitigate the intensity of the hostility threatening to be fatal.

On the 11th of March the bill failed to pass the second reading by a vote of 41 to 58. Mr. Norment, who voted with the negative for the purpose, moved to reconsider. The motion to table this failed, 48 to 54, the motion to reconsider prevailed by 58 to 55, and the bill was made the special order for March 15.

On this day the friends of the measure thought they could pass it without a division, but the speaker decided it was lost. A motion to reconsider was at once carried, 61 to 31, and then the bill passed its second reading by the handsome majority of 53 to 43.

Ordinarily the opposition to a measure is put forward on the second reading, but such was the animosity to this measure that every effort was made to defeat it on the third reading, which was set for March 17. Amid breathless excitement, surrounded by crowds in the lobby and galleries, fifty-one members recorded their vote in the affirmative and fifty in the negative. The fate of the University hung on one vote. Judge MacRae, ever watchful, at once moved to make the triumph irreversible, and succeeded, by 59 to 39, twenty majority.

An incident, of which I was personally cognizant, well shows the perils surrounding the measure. Its friends had induced a few members, who felt bound to vote "no," not to do so when their names were called, in the fond hope that some waverers might like to be with those who seemingly were triumphant. An excellent gentleman Mr. McIver of Moore, came to me and said: "Mr. Battle, I wish your bill to pass, and if neccessary it shall have my support. But my constituents are opposed to it, and in deference to them, if I am not needed, I will vote "no." So, when his name was called, he kept silent. When the roll was finished the University was five or six in the majority, and Mr. McIver said: "Mr. Speaker, I ask leave to vote. "No!" Then so many members, silent at first, followed his example that there was a majority in the negative. Turning to me, with a comically wry face, before the result was announced, he whispered, "I've got to do it." "Mr. Speaker, I ask leave to change my vote. I vote AYE!" And I wish to record, in memory of my ancient friend and desk-mate, Col. Rufus L. Patterson of Salem, our chief marshal of 1850, and graduate of 1851, then a Trustee, that the

member from Forsyth, Dr. Wheeler, a few minutes before the vote was taken, said: "I intend to support your bill. I have just received a letter from one of my constituents, Col. Patterson, which convinces me that it is right."

The University had "plane sailing" in the Senate. Its sons were very strong there, and they were men of talent and influence. They were:

C. M. T. McCauley, of Union, a grandson of Matthew, one of the donors of the University site. A. B., 1838.

Nicholas W. Boddie, of Nash, a student of 1843-44.

Joseph B. Stickney, of Beaufort, a student of 1847-48.

Legh Richmond Waddell, of Johnston, A. B., 1852.

William W. Peebles, of Northampton, A. B., 1853.

James T. Morehead, of Guilford, A. B., 1858.

William A. Graham, Jr., of Lincoln, a student of 1855-59.

Charles Manly Busbee, of Wake, a student of 1865-68.

And as Reading Clerk we had, then in his prime, Patrick Henry Winston, Jr., A. B., 1867, full of enthusiasm for his alma mater.

The bill passed the Senate by a large majority and the University was saved.

The joyful news was fowarded to Mrs. C. P. Spencer, who, with her mother, had remained at Chapel Hill in all its darkest hours, and by her potent pen kept the University and its woes before the public eye. She summoned to her aid, Misses Susan G. and Jenny Thompson (now Mrs. J. P. Kerr), Mr. A. D. Mickle, and perhaps others, and, repairing to the attic of the South building, exultingly rang out the glad tidings over the hills and dales for four miles around. The deep-toned bell had lost by its slumbers none of its sonorousness. It seemed to rejoice to enter on its duties again, and to promise never again to cease "calling from duties done," or "ringing for honors won" to the end of time.

The Board of Trustees convened in the executive office on May 4, 1875.

Secretary Battle submitted various schemes of reorganization. Rev. C. B. Hassell presented one and moved its adoption, but, on motion of Mr. P. C. Cameron, all the schemes were referred to a committee consisting of Messrs. K. P. Battle, chairman, Manning, J. A. Graham, J. J. Davis and Rev. C. B. Hassell. The scheme reported by them was unanimously adopted.

On motion of ex-Governor Graham, the election of a president was postponed indefinitely, it being the general opinion that one of the professors might, for a while, act as chairman of the faculty.

It was agreed to meet on the 16th of June for the election of professors.

K. P. Battle moved that a committee of five be appointed to solicit contributions for the revival of the University, not to be used to pay any existing debt of the institution. This was carried, and the chair appointed Messrs. K. P. Battle, B. F. Moore, W. A. Graham, P. C. Cameron and John Manning.

A pleasant feature of the rebirth was the interest taken by the good women of North Carolina, at the instance of Mrs. Spencer. The pupils of Salem School, of that of the Misses Nash and Kollock, and the ladies of Raleigh, Hillsboro and Salisbury contributed valuable apparatus for instruction.

Twenty-eight Trustees met on June 16, 1875, for the purpose of electing professors. The Governor presided. On account of the unusual numbers, adjournment was had to the Senate chamber. Col. P. B. Means was appointed assistant secretary.

It is President Winston's province to speak of those elected, and I now pass them by with this single remark, that the Trustees of 1875 are entitled to much of the credit of his most useful educational work for North Carolina, because they started him on his professional labors.

It was at this meeting that Mr. Cameron made an urgent appeal to ex-Governor Graham to allow the board to elect him President. An expression of pain passed over his face as he firmly declined. He was thinking of the insidious and certain mine being rapidly pushed under the fortress of his life. Less than two months after this meeting I assisted as pall-bearer in carrying to his grave in the Presbyterian Church lot in Hillsboro the body of this broad-minded statesman and virtuous citizen.

There are persons other than the faculty connected with the reopening, who must not be neglected in this chronicle. The first is Andrew Mickle, the Bursar, a man of unpretending manners, but of rare intelligence, and whose virtues were as solid as the adamantine hills.

He was prospering as a merchant when the war began, but during its progress ruined his fortune by acting on the chivalric notion that it was

wrong to raise prices of his goods because it was as difficult for his neighbors to obtain Confederate money as it had been to obtain good money. And so, as the currency depreciated, he sold his merchandise for much less than cost. He bore his poverty with the same dignity which characterized him in his prosperity, and when the trustees resolved to depart from the old plan of devolving the bursarship on a professor, it fell by universal consent to him, with whom millions of dollars would have been as safe as in the Bank of Eugland.

Another indispensable and equally worthy officer of the University was the University carpenter, Foster Utley. He was born in Wake county on a farm. His mother was a Walton, said to have been of the family of the noted fisherman and author, Isaac Walton. The transparent purity of character, the boundless benevolence, the sturdy honesty, the quiet humor, the love of nature, the delight, on a rare holiday, of sitting for hours on a mossy bank, under a beech tree roof, with his cork floating on the quiet waters or dancing among the ripples, his devout thankfulness to God, whether the yellow perch yielded to the ' eloquent squirm" of the bait or passed it by in cold indifference, remind us of the sainted father of the art of angling. He married an excellent Chapel Hill lady, who survives him, and the University is fortunate in having in its employment a son, who resembles his father in his person, his skill and, I firmly believe, in his character.

To complete the personnel of the institution, the faculty chose to wait on the students, ring the bell and for other similar services, one who had occupied a similar position under the old faculty. He had been a slave of President Swain and, therefore, he appears on the records of 1875 as Wilson Swain, though he afterwards preferred the surname of Caldwell, his father having been a slave of President Caldwell. He was an exceedingly intelligent, courteous, faithful man, reliable always, and had the unbounded regard and confidence of the faculty and students. A gifted son of the University (Mr. Peele), who is to address you today, has published a pen picture of him, as beautiful as true, which attests that my description of Wilson Caldwell is not overdrawn.

The friends of the University were greatly encouraged by a decision of the Circuit Court of the United States at the June term, 1874. A short statement of facts is necessary to make this clear.

From 1789 it had been supposed by the best legal talent that all the

property of the University was subject to sale by the trustees. When the war ended it had $200,000 worthless bank stock and owed about $20,000 to individuals and over $90,000 to the bank. It was thought to be a good arrangement to compromise this bank debt for $25,000 in gold or $35,700 in paper currency. The bank agreed to this, on condition that a mortgage should be made covering all the property of the University, which was done. President Swain then endeavored to secure a loan for $60,000 on transfer of the mortgage. He visited New York city and applied to the Astors and other capitalists, but without success. When the institution passed into the hands of the new trustees, in 1868, they employed counsel to contest the validity of the mortgage. By consent of the attorney general, Mr. W. M. Coleman, they brought suit in the Circuit Court of the United States in the name of the State, returnable in June term, 1869, asking for a decree nullifying the mortgage.

This bill was dismissed for want of jurisdiction.

In 1874, Charles Dewey, assignee, brought suit to have the property of the University sold under the mortgage. This was resisted, on the ground that, as the State Supreme Court had already decided that property of counties and other municipal corporations could not be sold without the consent of the legislature, the property of the University being a State institution, was similarly protected.

At June term, 1874, of the Circuit Court, Chief Justice Waite, Circuit Judge Hugh L Bond and the District Judge, George W. Brooks, unanimously decided that the bank debt was valid, but that neither the judgment creditor, nor the trustees themselves, had power to alienate such property as constituted the life of the University, as distinct from the endowment for its support. Mr. George H. Snow, a prominent lawyer of Raleigh, was appointed commissioner to report as to what personal and real property should be exempt from sale under the foregoing decree.

Mr. Snow met the committee appointed by the trustees, Messrs. Cameron, Manning and Battle, soon afterwards at Chapel Hill. In order to show the desolate condition of Chapel Hill at the time, I state that there was no hotel in its limits, and we four, separately, were entertained by the courtesy of friends, Mrs. Spencer, Mr. S. M. Barbee, Dr. Mallett and Mr. Mickle.

There was little difficulty in deciding that the campus and its build-

ings, books, pictures and apparatus for instruction should be exempt. But it was not so clear what part of the 700 or 800 acres adjoining the campus should be considered as necessary to the University life. Fortunately I had, as agent, applied to the trustees for the purchase of lots east and south of the campus, and was able to testify that the application was refused on the ground that it was the settled policy of the trustees since 1795 to sell lots only from the lands to the north and west, for the reason that it would be fatal to good order and discipline to surround the campus on all sides with dwellings. Colonel Carter, in arguing the case before Judge Bond, for which he refused to accept a fee, with his inimitable gravity when resorting to the humorous, said: "Why, may it please your honor, the village is sparsely populated. It has only one policeman, and he is old and rheumatic. He could not even outrun the students when they get after him." So, after a liberal report at June term, 1876, Judge Bond gave the University as a homestead all the land, about 600 acres, from the Durham to the Pittsboro road, except the Piney Prospect rectangle of 60 or 70 acres. I am constantly hoping that some big-hearted friend, who remembers with what delight, when seated on Piney Prospect hill, his lady love by his side, he gazed on the vast expanse of green fields and growing crops, which now covers the bottom of the old Triassic sea, bounded by the spires and factory chimneys of Durham and the green hills of Carey and Apex, realizing fondly the truth of the Irishman's saying, "How swate it is to be alone, when your swateheart is wid you," will for the perpetual delectation of courting couples, buy that rectangle and add it to the park, which the students and their lady friends have honored me by calling after my name.

On the 30th of June, 1875, six of the committee of nine appointed to take steps for the reopening of the University, viz., Messrs. Kemp P. Battle, chairman; B. F. Moore, Rev. Dr. N. McKay, P. C. Cameron, D. M. Carter and W. L. Saunders, met in Raleigh, the following professors-elect being present by invitation, viz., Rev. Dr. C. Phillips, Messrs. J. DeB. Hooper, A. W. Mangum, A. F. Redd, George T. Winston. The faculty, being requested to make recommendations, made a report, which, after being amended in certain particulars, was adopted provisionally.

The opening of the session was, as advertised, on the 6th of Septem-

ber, 1875. Dr. Phillips was unanimously chosen Chairman of the Faculty, and Professor Winston Secretary. Professor Graves received the then almost honorary office of Librarian.

There is a psychological tendency in the human mind to be desirous of ascertaining the originators of great movements. We wish to know who brought letters to Greece, who founded Rome, who first set foot on American soil, who discovered oxygen, who kicked the first football, and so on. Thus it happens that Hinton James has gained immortal fame by being the first to trudge through the muddy roads of the winter of 1795, and presenting himself to the delighted gaze of the first Presiding Professor, Dr. David Ker, exactly four weeks after the session began.

I know, therefore, you are all in a state of trembling anxiety to know the name of the Hinton James of the nineteenth century. I am glad to be able to inform you. I am proud to set him on the pinnacle of fame.

In thus awarding the honor I am compelled to ignore the claims of Mr. James C. Taylor and Dr. Isaac M. Taylor, because their residence was Chapel Hill, and, being on the ground, they could not possibly, in the graphic language of General Forest, "git thar first." Not counting them, the glory belongs to the elder of two brothers, who, with Charles Bond, preceded all other candidates by a day's journey. When their conveyance reached the boundary line of Chapel Hill at the hamlet of Couchtown, the elder suddenly leaped from the vehicle and dashed forward with the amazing speed for which duck-legged youths are often famous, shouting, "Hurrah, I am the first student on the Hill!" He reversed the history of Esau and Jacob. Esau was ahead this time. The unsuspecting Jacob (Hebrew for Robert) had no time to offer his mess of pottage. When I tell you that this long-headed—if short-legged—youth went to the legislature over about one thousand majority against his party, intent on looking out for the interests of his alma mater, you will guess that his name is Francis Donnell Winston, the Hinton James of 1875.

The youth, Robert, thus outgeneraled, has his share of the blood of the old Scandinavian vikings. After great searchings of the heart he devised his scheme and bided his time. It was a signal and cruel revenge. Frank's Nemesis came, when there appeared on this stage to receive the silver cup for the first boy baby of the Class of 1879—James Horner Winston, son of Robert.

The good old county of Bertie has another honor which should be here recorded. On the opening day one youth entered the agricultural department. I therefore proclaim that Charles Bond was the first student of the first College of Agriculture in North Carolina.

The formal celebration of the opening of the University was held September 15, 1875. It was eminently successful. The numerous visitors were surprised and gratified at the renovation of buildings and grounds effected under the direction of the committee on repairs, Mr. Cameron. Mrs. Spencer called to her aid the young ladies of Chapel Hill and decorated the chapel with exquisite taste. The portraits of great men of the University—Davie, Caldwell and Swain, Mitchell and Phillips, Hawks and Badger, Ruffin, Graham and Manly—were hung on the walls. There was a single motto in letters of evergreen—"LAUS DEO" (Thank God!)

The Salisbury band, without charge, furnished excellent music. At 11 o'clock Mr. John R. Hutchins, of the Class of 1852, as chief marshal, and Mayor A. S. Barbee, of the Class of 1860, and several of the students as assistants, formed a procession, as in days of yore, in front of the South building and marched to the Chapel. The rostrum was occupied by Governor Brogden, Judge Battle, Dr. William Hooper, Governor Vance, Dr. Phillips and Professors Mangum and Redd.

Trustees and distinguished visitors were in the area in front. The chapel was full, floor and galleries, of worthy men and beautiful women. Among the men were about fifty students of the Horner School, near Hillsboro. The band began with "Auld Lang Syne." Prayer was offered by Dr. Hooper, who matriculated seventy years before. The opening hymn was then read by Professor Redd. It was composed by William A. Betts, a graduate of 1880, now an honored member of the South Carolina Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, whose father, Rev. A. N. Betts, a graduate and trustee, married his mother, a beautiful lady of Chapel Hill, while in the Senior Class.

Great God of Heaven, condescend
To meet Thy servants here;
Where once we worshipped, Thee again
We gratefully revere.

Be present while with joyful hearts
We consecrate anew
This hallowed spot, in thine own name,
And to thy service true.

Favor again, O God, these walls
Where once Thy spirit shone;
Send help and wisdom, and may all
The glory be Thine own.

Dr. Phillips, the Chairman of the faculty, rose to introduce Governor Brogden. He prefaced his introduction by a few remarks as to the past and future policy of the institution. Among other things, he said that it had been sarcastically remarked that the University had "neither politics nor religion." In the broad sense of these words it was false, as we teach the principles of true statesmanship and of Christianity. But in the sense that the professors will rigidly abstain from attempting to influence students for or against any political party or religious denomination, the charge is true. All parties and sects shall be treated with perfect impartiality.

Governor Curtis H. Brogden then made an address, full of animation, with language ornate and strong, pressing the importance of education, classical, professional, technical, primary and collegiate, as necessary to modern progress.

The Governor made many friends. His compliments to the ladies were very happy, but some of them wondered, if he believed all he said, why he had not sued for and obtained for himself one of the angelic beings he described.

Ex-Governor Vance then in his usual felicitous style introduced the orator of the day, ex-Judge William H. Battle, a graduate of the class of 1820. To quote from a contemporary letter to the Raleigh News: "Judge Battle's was the tender task to awaken the echoes of memory, and bid us remember, resemble and persevere." He took a survey of the University. He gave sketches of some of its illustrious sons, and an estimate of their influence on the history of the State. Both addresses were highly appreciated.

Professor Mangum, with a graceful compliment to the author of the hymn, Mrs. Spencer, who had written it for this occasion, gave out the

following lines, which were sung to the tune of Old Hundred, the band leading:

Eternal source of light and truth,
To Thee again our hearts we raise;
Except Thou build and keep the house,
In vain the laborer spends his days.

Without Thine aid in vain our zeal
Strives to rebuild the broken walls;
Vainly our sons invoke the muse
Among these sacred groves and walls.

From off Thine altar send a coal,
As burning seraphs erst have brought;
Relight the flame that once inspired
The faithful teachers and the taught.

Pour on our path Thy cloudless light
That from Thy constant favor springs;
Let heart and hand be strong beneath
The shadow of Almighty wings.

Recall, O God! the golden days;
May rude, unfruitful discord cease;
Our sons in crowds exulting throng
The ancient haunts of white-robed Peace!

So shall our upward way be fair,
As that our sainted fathers trod.
Again the "Priest and Muse" declare
The holy oracles of God.

The proceedings in the chapel were closed by a benediction, and the audience separated with their hearts full of thanksgiving for the new life of the institution they loved so well.

The venerable Dialectic and Philanthropic societies were reinaugurated during the evening. The Dialectic was called together by Thos. M. Argo, Esq., the last secretary, and Judge Wm. H. Battle was made temporary president.

The Philanthropic Society was called together by Col. Wm. L. Saun-

ders, in whose care its books were placed in 1868, when the last meeting was held.

I have shown how the good old University was started again on its career of usefulness and honor. Its friends have been rapidly swelling in numbers, while its enemies are manifestly growing fewer. May its prosperity for the next quarter of a century increase as rapidly in proportion as it increased since 1875! If my prayer shall be answered our chances are good for over two thousand students in 1925.

THE FIRST FACULTY: ITS WORK AND ITS OPPORTUNITY.

BY GEORGE T. WINSTON, LL.D.

Among historic scenes in the annals of our State, few are comparable to the assembly of twenty-five ago in yonder chapel of the little band of trustees, teachers, pupils, and patriots who, in the darkest period of the State's history, had met full of hope and courage to reopen the doors of this University for the higher education of the youth of North Carolina. It may be doubted whether the difficulties of their task or its far reaching consequences were clearly perceived by the actors in that memorable event. Could they have seen the ruggedness of the path they were about to enter, or realized fully the preciousness of the burden committed to their charge, it is possible that their hopes might have been less buoyant or their courage less steadfast.

To rebuild a great university upon its old foundations; to find amid its ruins and woo to new altars the genius loci, the mighty spirit of a mighty past, which brooding here for almost a century brought forth for each generation leaders in commonwealth and nation; to catch the new spirit of a new age, and keep step with the century in its march of knowledge, invention and discovery; to blend old-fashioned character and new-fashioned culture; to comprehend the great revolution then beginning in Southern life; to train new leaders for new crises and new thinkers for new problems; to arouse the people from the inertia of poverty and illiteracy; to send the schoolmaster abroad in the land and establish the public school as the great upliftiug force of modern life; to to believe the people to be capable of self-government, and to lay new foundations for popular government in popular education; these were some of the labors that the future would impose upon that little band, standing now full of hope and courage, as they called to life a new University amid the ruins of its former greatness. Their task was indeed Herculean. "As human bodies," says Tacitus, "mature slowly, but are destroyed in a single instant; so you will more easily crush genius and learning than you will call them back to life."

> " * * * * facilis descensus Averno,
> Sed revocare gradum superasque evadere ad auras,
> Hoc opus, hic labor est."

The first problem of the new University was existence. However small the beginning, provision must be made for teachers, equipment and running expenses. The three sources of support for colleges and universities are student fees, private philanthropy and public taxation. A century ago our leading universities were supported almost entirely by student fees. Up to the civil war the University of North Carolina had accumulated from this source over $100,000. Today there is nowhere in the world a college or university that is self-supporting. Their chief sources of support are private philanthropy and public taxation. The University of St. Louis has just received a bequest of five million dollars; the University of California receives annually from public taxation an income of $300,000; the revenues of Harvard University exceed those of the State of North Carolina.

To start the new University and keep it going during the early years of its struggle required the combined resources of private philanthropy, public tavation and student fees. The chief resource was public taxation; a power that had not yet been employed for this purpose in North Carolina.

But a new era had come, the era of popular education both in lower schools and in higher. It was well for this era to be heralded by the opening of a new University, a people's University, and to be marked by a new right, the right of people acting through their own representatives to tax themselves for the higher education of their own sons in their own institutions.

It is worthy of note that the establishment of this right and through it the establishment and maintenance of this University was due, though indirectly, to the wisdom and beneficence of the federal government. The hand that had smitten down was now the strongest in raising up. The appropriation to the University of the interest of the landscript fund, which had been donated by the National Congress for the promotion of industrial education, was the beginning in North Carolina of the new principle of popular education supported by popular taxation. The principle once established was bound to grow. New necessities were met by larger grants. State aid soon ceased to be a theory and became an accomplished fact. The people learned that the new University, the State's University, meant neither aristocracy nor theocracy, but eternal democracy. But the lesson was slow to learn, and its teach-

ing was attended with amazing difficulties. Those early years were full of struggle, glorious and heroic, but difficult to bear and doubtful in issue. Surely no institution ever survived a more precarious childhood. With annual expenses greater than annual income; with widespread agricultural depression growing more and more intolerable year by year; with falling prices, a contracting currency and financial panics; with popular ignorance, indifference and misunderstanding of the purpose and character of the new University; with persistent opposition from political leaders and influential educators; with constant demands by politicians of all parties for false economy in educational expenditures; with old debts to discharge and new debts accumulating year by year, it is little wonder that the new University made slow progress during the early years of its existence. The wonder is that it lived at all. But human endurance is equal to human misfortune, and great causes will never lack for leaders. The problem of the new University was solved through the efforts and during the administration of its first president. With knowledge of men and affairs drawn from large experience of life; with political wisdom and legal skill acquired on the hustings and at the bar; with financial ability and experience gained in public and private enterprises and displayed in the management of the State's finances; with large capacity for labor as speaker, writer, thinker, teacher and executive manager; with devotion to this institution not inferior to the mother's love for her child nor the child's love for its mother, but blending both into a life of unselfish and affectionate labor, he has, unconsciously to himself, placed the name of Battle at the head of her illustrious and devoted benefactors. It is my privilege to know something of the labors that he wrought and the trials and difficulties that beset his work. For ten years he performed the duties of a dozen men and received the salary of one. As president of the University and executive officer, managing the discipline and conducting the large correspondence without clerk, typewriter or stenographer; as secretary and treasurer of the Board of Trustees, negotiating loans each quarter upon his own credit; as professor of political economy and constitutional history, teaching lessons not only from books, but from a storehouse of personal knowledge and experience; as professor of law and dean of the law school without assistance in teaching or otherwise; as speaker and lecturer at school commencements, public gatherings

and agricultural fairs; as canvasser for funds, endowment and students; as assiduous and patient attendant upon every session of the State Legislature; as watchful guardian of every interest of the struggling University; as promoter of public education through normal and teachers institutes; as pioneer of scientific agriculture in establishing the State Experiment Station; as friend and adviser, upon critical occassions, of the State Grange of the Patrons of Husbandry; as selector and encourager of efficient professors and sympathetic messenger of woe to the inefficient; as reconciler of the irreconcilables; as suppressor of fools within the University and without; calm, cheerful and hopeful amid difficulties and disasters; overwhelmed with calumnies, misrepresentations and misunderstandings, amid personal and official sorrows, misfortunes and disasters that would have ground other men to powder; nothing could have sustained him, during the years of his presidency, but a heart full of unselfish devotion to the great interests of this great University.

He shall be known as "the Father of the new University," for he called it into life and solved the problem of its existence. The present endowment, which has made possible expansion in all directions, has been of his creation. May he live to see it doubled! And may those who take up the work be spared the labor and sorrow that were the price of his splendid achievment.

The next problem before the new University was organization. It is amusing to recall the discusssions of that day, as to whether our little band of seven teachers should organize themselves into a German University, rivalling Goettingen, or an English University, the peer of Oxford, or descend to a still lower plane, as competitor with the University of Virginia. The last plan was adopted because of its greater feasibility; our little band, not to be outdone by its ancient rival, divided itself up into a score of schools, colleges and departments, capable of recombination on proper occasions into one great University. As well as your speaker can remember, at this distance of time, the humblest member of our faculty represented in his single person five independent schools conferring certificates of proficiency and two complete colleges conferring certificates of graduation. Baccalaureate degrees were bestowed by the joint action of our whole battalion of schools, colleges and departments, while the entire faculty of seven, now consolidated into one University and supported by a rear guard of eighty trustees, conferred upon

unresisting genius the grand insignia of Doctor of Divinity or Doctor of Laws. We had as great an affair as ever John Locke invented in his "Original Constitution for the Province of Carolina," with carefully graduated orders of society, from cooks, scullions and plowboys to landgraves, marquises and caciques.

It required many years to elaborate our present system of instruction. The faculty discussions incident thereto, covering a great variety of topics, were usually prolonged far into the night with little satisfaction to the participants and less to the gentle dames who presided over expectant households awaiting the return of professional debauchees from the joys of a weekly faculty meeting. But, if the faculty meetings lost us occassionally the confidence of our better halves, they drew us closer to each other, and threw interesting side lights upon attractive characters. "Professor DeBerniere Hooper," said the late Charles Phillips after a heated discussion as to the righteousness of the Southern cause and the justice of its overthrow in war, "Professor Hooper, I cannot understand how a man who believes in the wisdom, goodness and power of the Almighty God can doubt that whatever He has made to be is just and right and for the best." This was a difficult problem for a man whose two eternal verities were Almighty God and the Southern Confederacy. I wondered what would be or what could be the solution. "Dr. Phillips," was the calm and measured reply, "I have given much study and even prayerful consideration to this most difficult problem, and I am forced to the reluctant though deliberate conclusion that the result of the late unhappy struggle between the North and the South is a case of the temporary circumvention of Providence by the Yankees."

Whatever difference of opinion existed on matters of organization, there was unanimity on one point, that the spirit of the new University should be, if possible, the spirit of the old; a spirit which emphasized character above scholarship, and considered the best equipment for life to be genuine manhood. It is easy to find fault with the education offered in institutions of learning fifty years ago. Critics are not lacking of the University of North Carolina; but in the list of her teachers we find the names of Joseph Caldwell, David L. Swain, Elisha Mitchell, Denison Olmstead, William Hooper, DeBerniere Hooper, James Phillips and Charles Phillips. An institution which trained for life such men as James K. Polk, William R. King, Thomas H. Benton, Archibald

DeBow Murphey, Leonidas Polk, James Otey, Francis L. Hawks, John Y. Mason, Francis P. Blair, James Johnston Pettigrew, James C. Dobbin, William A. Graham, Willie P. Mangum, Thomas Ruffin, John M. Morehead, Charles and Mathias Manly, William H. Battle, William and DeBerniere Hooper, William L. Saunders, John W. Graham, Charles and Samuel Phillips, James H. Horner, William and Robert Bingham, Kemp P. and Richard Battle, Zebulon B. Vance, Matthew W. Ransom, David M. Carter, Thos. Settle, William B. Rodman, Thos. S. Ashe, R. P. Dick, Jos. J. Davis, Walter L. Steele, Alfred M. Scales and others of like character and ability,—such an institution may well take its stand among the great universities of the world.

The old University has nobly done its work. During the better part of a century it upheld for State and Nation pure and lofty standards of public and professional life. Well might its banner float again over the new laboratories and the new theories of the University. We flung it proudly to the breeze; and held up before a new generation of youg men as the chief jewel for them to seek that which the old University had always sought to fashion, the sterling character of a Southern gentleman.

To complete the organization of the new University along the lines it was following required full twenty years. Old customs and old traditions were not always helpful. There was opposition to every change, and frequently the wisest measures were accomplished with the greatest difficulty. It required fifteen years to overcome the inertia of not using books; to consolidate into one working library three separate and comparatively useless collections of books. The Philanthropic library, located on the top floor of old east building, and the Dialectic, in the top of the new west, contained tolerable collections in general literature, which had been purchased or donated by students and used mainly for amusement and entertainment. Much money had been wasted in foolish rivalry, and there was a large accumulation of useless duplicates. The society libraries were open only three hours a week—one hour on Wednesday afternoons and two on Saturday morning.

The college library, carefully guarded under lock and key, was never open, except when inquisitive students, breaking down the door or climbing through the windows, disturbed the accumulated dust and cobwebs, rendering themselves liable to faculty summons and severe reprimand. It is said that the latest book added to the college library ha-

been bought some time in the thirties, during the presidency of Dr. Caldwell, and that it bore on the fly leaf this inscription, written in the doctor's hand, "This book pertaineth to the library of the University of NorthCarolina."

The new University realized that a student's life is nourished by books; that a real University is a great collection of books. After long efforts and violent opposition the three libraries above named were consolidated into one and moved into the present library building. A trained librarian was employed, the doors were open from eight in the morning till five in the evening, and a perpetual fund, growing larger year by year, was provided for its increase and improvement. This foundation for a real working library made possible a revolution in all departments of University instruction. The student was now sent to the library, where he could be reader, thinker and critic, as well as listener in the class room. His mental horizon was enlarged, his judgment strengthened, and a beginning was made of intellectual independence. What the law library is to the attorney, or the medical library to the physician, the library of history, literature and philosophy became to the college student. Every study offered subjects of special investigation for which the library furnished material; and every student became in some degree a specialist and an investigator.

An improvement equally great in the work of organization was the provision of scientific equipment. From the old University no equipment had been inherited, excepting "the Vienna cabinet of minerals," whose chief function seems to have been to fill a page in the annual catalogue. If any age might be the age of science, it was that in which the new University was born. Such wonderful advances had been made in all departments of science, such universal application of scientific knowledge in the industrial arts, such far-reaching theories concerning the phenomena of life and matter, such marvelous invention of tools, apparatus and machinery for work and experiment, that no teaching of science was now possible without ample equipment of teachers and apparatus for experimental work of the most delicate and accurate character. This was neccessary not only in physics and chemistry, whose varied application in practical life gave them commercial as well as educational value, but especially in the new science of biology, which was now established as an indispensable basis for the study of all problems relating to man. Geology, too, and mineralogy, with new theories and

new applications in life, now demanded new methods of instruction. Not only students and investigators, but the public mind, too, were strongly aroused to the deepest interest in science. The utilization of electricity for light, heat and power, the substitution of the microscope and test-tube, for the service of the physician, instead of the eye, nose and finger, the germ theory of disease, the Darwinian theory of life, the invention and employment of the telegraph, the telephone and phonograph; these and other triumphs of the intellect over the material world had quickened the desire of humanity for more experiments, more knowledge, a better comprehension of the past and a clearer vision of the future. New opportunities were created for University workers, and with them enlarged demands for work, genius and equipment.

Our new University was not heedless of the demand. A chemical laboratory was provided, with new equipment and new methods of instruction. Apparatus was secured for physical experiments; geology and mineralogy were organized into separate departments, with working laboratories and field excursions; and a biological laboratory, modern and well equipped, was established in the hall of the old Philanthropic library. The new University made provision for modern instruction in every science excepting astronomy. Each step taken was in accord with the spirit of the age and in harmony with the requirements of the new education. Everything was accomplished that could be done with the limited resources available. Graduates of this Univesity might now go for advanced instruction in the great Universities of the world, confident that they would have nothing to unlearn, but only to extend their knowledge by the means of the greater facilities which were afforded elsewhere by greater wealth.

There is scarcely a leading University in America where graduates of this institution, during the last twenty-five years, winning scholarships and fellowships in competition with men from other colleges and universities, have not achieved honor and distinction by scholarship in letters, investigation in science, speculation in philosophy, or research in history.

The new University planted on high ground its standard of scholarship, not only for the few leaders who wore its honors, but for every man who carried its diploma. The real work and the high achievment requisite to graduation stimulated a desire for more work and still loftier

achievment after graduation, and led to the establishment of advanced courses of post-graduate instructlon and the conferring of advanced degrees only in recognition of work actually performed under the guidance of the University faculty. It is not the least glory of the new University that it maintained from the very first high requirements of scholarlarship, thereby elevating the teaching standard throughout the State. This was accomplished mainly by the selection of well qualified and competent professors for all the chairs of instruction. No consideration of personal popularity, political neccessity, family influence, sectarian interest, or local demand availed to place unworthy men in the faculty of the new University.

One of the greatest problems before the new University was how to make its opportunities accessible to lads of talent and character without means to bear the expense of education away from home. It was the problem of free tuition and cheap living. This problem appealed more strongly to philanthropists than all other problems before the University. At the very beginning it moved the legislature to establish scholarships for every county, and year by year it touched the hearts of men and women longing to lift up struggling lads to higher opportunities in life. Fund after fund was established and additional scholarships were provided: the Deems fund, the Mary Ruffin Smith fund, the Mary Ann Smith fund, the Mary Shepherd Speight fund, the Martha and Varina Mason funds, the Thomas F. Wood scholarships and the Paul C. Cameron scholarships, with free instruction for lads preparing to serve the State as teachers or preachers, or handicapped in the race for life with bodily infirmity; until it could truly be said that the doors of the new University were practically open, free of charge, to every lad who was worthy to enter and unable to pay. It only remained to reduce the expense of living, which was accomplished in 1896 through the combined generosity of the alumni in donating the use of yonder building, and of Mrs. Mary Baker in supplying the funds for the equipment of Commons Hall, as a token of appreciation of the benefits received by her son in this institution. May these facilities for cheapening the cost of education in this institution continue to grow and multiply. May we behold at an early day upon this campus a commodious and well furnished dormitory for the free lodging of lads who have climbed to these heights along the steep path of poverty and labor.

In completing its organization, the new University was not unmindful of student life and of the larger opportunities demanded by modern education for the exercise of student activities. The old literary societies which had trained in forensic and literary culture the foremost men of the nation, were still retained and fostered. For scientific study and research, the Mitchell society was organized; for Shakespearean study the Shakespeare Club, and for linguistic the Philological Society. A scholarship club, a dozen Greek letter fraternities, a sophomore society, a German club, various class organizations, base ball teams, foot ball teams, tennis clubs, bicycle clubs, track athletic teams,—these and possibly others not reported to the executive at that time by their members, were organized, equipped and set in motion. There was a chance for everybody to be organized into something. Latent genius could not be hidden; it was bound to be discovered and aroused and developed through head, heart, hand or heels. It was an era of organization and development. But the greatest improvement was in college athletics. Under the old University, as outlets for superfluous physical energy, students arranged running matches during the small hours with college professors, signalled by the vigorous ringing of the college bell, or with unvaried energy placed upon the roofs of college buildings the wagons and stock of neighboring farmers; or guided freshmen from twilight till midnight in the unavailing pursuit of the ever vanishing snipe. College athletics in those days was one ceaseless, tremendous, vigorous kick by the entire student body against every regulation of the faculty. But through the wisdom of modern education, now introduced into the new University, how beautifully was all this changed. Students no longer pursued the fleeting snipe and kicked the faculty; but on a throroughly prepared field, according to scientific rules, in pursuit of a bag of wind, they vigorously kicked at each other! The new athlete, as he rearranged his broken nose or pushed into socket his dislocated knee, gave not a passing thought to horned cattle, snipes or college professors The new idea was gradually comprehended by the faculty and due encouragement was given to college athletics. The boys were patted on the back and told to "go forth and conquer the world." Oh! what a day of triumph it was when the 'Varsity team returned from Atlanta, bringing with them them the beautiful trophy of victory and the bleeding scalp of our ancient foe, the University of Virginia. The

proud procession, witnessed by every inhabitant of the village, rode slowly, to martial music, between the spreading elms along Franklin avenue. Every form of vehicle was there; in front was a gaily decorated chariot drawn by four Arabian steeds selected from Pickard's stables; guarding each bit, with hand upon the rein for sake of safety, were expert horsemen of the Numidian race, resplendent from crown to toe in college colors. It was the car of triumph. In it, side by side, the one with satisfaction of victory which even great Hercules might envy, the other a feeble echo and a silent shadow, sat the captain of the victorious football team and the president of the rejoicing University!

The organization of the alumni must not be omitted, for the new University realized that she must grow with the help of her sons. Local associations were organized throughout the State and the central association was quickened into new life and energy. Meetings were held, with banquets, toasts and speeches, where college memories were revived, good fellowship was strengthened and plans for the growth and extension of the University were set forth by the visiting president. At the annual commencement the alumni were gathered together in large numbers and the alumni banquet became the most attractive feature of commencement. Class reunions were organized at intervals of five, ten, fifteen and twenty years, and great occasions in the past life of the University were celebrated with due preparation and great enthusiasm. On one of these occasions, in celebration of the centennial of the charter, a fund was raised for the endowment of the chair of history; and, at the centennial celebration in 1895, of the reopening of the University one hundred years before, amid much enthusiasm, a movement was started for the erection of Alumni Hall, and a large fund was subscribed for that purpose. Previous to this, the enthusiasm and devotion of the alumni had manifested itself in the erection of this splendid building, as a memorial of the distinguished sons of the University, who in peace and in war gave their lives to the service of the State. Thus the new University wisely organized into active beneficence the devotion of its alumni. Recently a loyal son, born in this village within the sound of the college bell, mindful of the happy hours which youth and chidhood brought him here, and mindful of the duty which goes with wealth and power and talent, has added to the gift of other sons and to other gifts from his own generous heart, a splendid dormitory, to

be the home of future generations of North Carolina boys and to stand as a perpetual memorial that a mother's love is sometimes equaled by a son's devotion. Fifty years ago the name of Carr was written upon a little store in this humble village. It is inscribed today upon this University, and in the coming years it will grow brighter and more enduring.

Lack of time permits me to mention only one more problem solved by the new University, the problem of public influence, or the direction in which the University's life should be exerted. I have already discussed the problem of its existence and the problem of its organization, and now I will speak very briefly of the problem of its line of influence.

There was a great temptation for the new University in 1875 to turn its life into new channels and devote itself to industrial and technical education. Had the reopening been postponed until now, it is more than probable that this change would be made. During the past twenty years the State has advanced so rapidly into new fields of industry, with large demands for skilled labor and technical education, the opportunities for wealth have become so varied and so large for men of industrial talent and training, and the public recognition of the necessity for this industrial revolution has been so clear and so general, that it may well be doubted whether, if a beginning had to be made now, the requisite funds could be obtained for reviving the new University solely along the lines of general and professional education. It is well that it was so. The experience of the world has shown that there is loss of power to both institutions whenever universities for general culture and colleges for technical training are blended together.

But the new life of a new State produced another great necessity, which the new University undertook to supply, and did supply, with excellent results. This was the promotion of education. To this task the new University devoted itself with untiring energy. Its president and faculty canvassed the State. Its summer normal schools furnished enthusiasm, inspiration and power to teachers in a hundred communities. Its alumni, full of enthusiasm, conducted teachers' institutes, superintended city schools, secured increased taxation for public education and became the recognized leaders in the great movement for public schools. The establishment of its chair of pedagogy was the first recognition ever made in North Carolina, or in any Southern university, of

the necessity for the distinct and special training of young men for the teaching profession.

The great work of the new University, like that of the old, has been in the direction of general training; to fit men for technical and professional education by broad and thorough general education; to hammer iron into steel before fashioning it into tools.

No words can describe the labors and difficulties that have attended the life of this University during the past twenty-five years of its childhood. The presence at this time on this platform of four presidents of this University, each rejoicing in the work that they have all wrought, a scene probably unparralleled in the history of colleges, testifies to the great and exacting labors required, as well as to the University's power to equip her own leaders. All four are practically her sons.

I need not call the roll of those that laid these enduring foundations. Some are still here, laboring with zeal, fidelity and modest merit. Others, elsewhere, are upholding lofty ideals of life and rearing other temples of culture. Many have finished the tasks of life and returned their talents to the Master. My mind beholds them now, even as they were when we worked together within these sacred walls: Andrew Mickle, essence of integrity; William P. Mallett, good physician and upright gentleman; John Wesley Carr, thrifty merchant, steadfast friend and model citizen; Foster Utley, thorough workman, strong, cheerful and true; Wilson Caldwell, faithful servant in humble station; Paul C. Cameron, majestic figure of Southern planter, citizen and patriot; Walter L. Steele, scholar, wit and humorist, thrifty in private life, generous in public, as true as steel in every relation; David Miller Carter, with battle-axe of Richard and scimetar of Saladin; Joseph J. Davis, whose pure and upright heart was wiser than the wisdom of any brain; David Worth, modest and generous; William L. Saunders, strong, brave and wise; DeBerniere Hooper, gentle, refined and scholarly; Charles Phillips, massive and vigorous in mind, heart and body, omnivorous of food, folks and books; Adolphus W. Mangum, eloquent, sympathetic and sensitive; Ralph Henry Graves, my boyhood friend and class-mate, the light of whose genius was early extinguished, but not before his name had been inscribed among the few immortals; Carey D. Grandy, gentle and true; John Manning, whose pure, unselfish character, warm sympathy for youth and impressive teaching endeared him to all his pupils; William

H. Battle, small in stature, but large in mind and heart, every ounce of sterling gold; and last, with tenderest affection, one now living in a distant State, whose mind and heart will ever abide within the village of Chapel Hill and the sacred precincts of this hallowed spot, daughter of the old University and living genius of the new, Cornelia Phillips Spencer. These are the workmen that laid the foundations of the new University. Other hands will take up the task; new minds, with larger knowledge, new hearts, with fresher hopes, will complete upon these foundations the structure of a great university. May it stand forever! May it grow forever in usefulness, in power, and in noble achievment!

PEN-PICTURES OF THE TIMES OF '75.

BY W. J. PEELE, ESQUIRE.

On the 7th of September, A. D., 1875, a lone freshman arrived at Raleigh on his way to Chapel Hill. The city was full of people in attendance on the Constitutional Convention, which convened on that day, so that the freshman could hardly find a place to sleep. The room that was eventually assigned him, in the old National Hotel, turned out to be that of some belated delegates. This resulted in a change of *venue* for him about two o'clock that night.

In the hubbub of sounds and voices, the name of Chapel Hill was not heard. Among the multitude of faces to be seen, only one was set toward the University; and upon the ears of that one, used as he was to the quiet of country life, the roar of traffic and the jargon of politics grated harshly.

Leaving the politicians to their own devices, the next day our freshman set out for the Hill. The whole world seemed set the other way, for not a single person who even looked like a student could be found on the train.

On the hack from Durham I was the only passenger. Arrived at the foot of the Hill my hackman discovered that he had lost his coat. He had depended during the drive mainly upon the heat of the sun and such successive increments as could be derived from fire-water, a tickler of which had monopolized his attention. When he fully realized that he had lost his outer-covering, he called down upon himself such imprecations and curses as I have never heard. His prayers were subsequently answered, for, before I left college, he had perished at the end of a rope in the hands of the sheriff.

Near the top of the Hill, about where I think "Dr. Couch's" old hut stood, I looked back, and, for the first time beheld the sea of forest and field which lay stretched beneath that September sun. Accustomed as I had been to a flat country, the impression upon me was profound and lasting. How many eager eyes of youth have sought to read destiny in the blue haze of that distant horizon. Those who looked out with the clear eye of faith have succeeded, and those who blurred their vision with doubt and dalliance have failed—and so it must ever be.

At the hotel, Frank Fremont was on guard and sounded with a deep nasal twang the magic word "*Fresh*" when I alighted. It seemed however that his crowd was not within call, for the only spirit which came up from the vast deep was that of Julian Baker, bringing his rather diminutive body along with it. I had been studying how to meet an attack of this sort while I was allowing my hackman to lose his coat on the road, so I asked Fremont how long he had been in salt. The "cheek" of the remark rather pleased him, so after he learned my name he introduced me to Baker and we went up through the deep shade of the campus together. There were many more large trees in it then than now. There was so much character, individuality, and dignity about those old trees that I could wish Father Time had treated them with more respect. Some of the more graceful of them too seemed to understand the art of drapery almost as well as a woman.

There was a subdued silence throughout the grounds. A few lonely looking students could be seen going in and out the old buildings selecting their rooms, which were now musty from long disuse. Occasionally might still be seen relics and reminders of old student life. I saw written in chalk in one of the old recitation rooms a memorandum of the brief and disastrous attempt to continue the University after the death of Governor Swain by those unfamilar with its traditions. It read: "This old University has busted and gone to hell today", and then the writer fixed the day and date of the catastrophe, which I have forgotten, and will have to rely on Dr. Battle to supply.

We students were evidently expected by those in charge of the rebirth. They were having the high straggling grass in the Campus mowed down, the walks, which were sometimes only foot paths, widened, the dingy old buildings whitewashed. The citizens of the town, too had caught the whitewashing spirit, for few of them were then able to paint, and everybody was making ready for the re-opening celebration, which was only one week off.

* * * .

The University did not occupy much space in the public eye in those days. The *Daily News*, a newspaper published in Raleigh, in its issue dated September the 8th, contains this editorial notice: "Forty-four students were being examined on Monday evening(Monday was the 6th),

and more are known to be coming. The Fresh, Soph., and Junior classes are represented. There will be at least sixty-five or seventy." This notice was nine lines long. The inauguration of a cotton factory in Wilmington required an editorial of forty-two lines, in the same issue, and the removal of the disabilities of Gov. Holden fifty-nine lines. On the 9th, the University scored one point ahead of the cotton factory by getting its program of the reopening exercises published. There was no more mention of either the cotton factory or the University until the 16th, the day after the formal reopening, when it was reported as a local item that "Governor Brogden was absent yesterday at Chapel Hill." Here we scored another point over the cotton factory; but just above this news I noticed another item of apparently a little more importance. It reads: "Good Jones Whiskey kept at Bosky's Saloon. Also liquors of every brand kept bottled." I am sorry that I had no opportunity to test this Jones brand of whiskey which the local editor seemed to have preferred to the cause of education in North Carolina.

However, on the 17th the University scored one point ahead of the saloon by the following notice: "We learned that the exercises at Chapel Hill passed off splendidly and to the satisfaction of all parties concerned." Just under this was a marriage notice of a Wake county girl containing about the same number of words. There is no ground of complaint about the last notice, and if so, I would not be the man to make it: the cause of education will never be more interesting to the human heart than the cause of matrimony. The next day the paper contained a long letter from "A friend" of the University which in a measure atoned for previous slight consideration.

* * *

I can hardly realize the reopening was twenty-five years ago. Nearly all of what was done and said has faded from memory or blended with other commencements. I remember that Dr. William Hooper was literary even in his prayer, and I can recall the words in which Vance opened his speech: "Here you all sit just as you all sat twenty-three years ago when I graduated. It may be that you are a little fairer than your mothers were; or that as I grow older my eyes are growing dim to your imperfections—or it may be that my heart is becoming more susceptible to your charms."

Col. W. L. Saunders was present, and he it was who reorganized the Phi Society. He gave into our keeping with becoming solemnity its books and archives which he had preserved from the destruction which attended Sherman's army. His strong full face, his round head, his serious anxious eyes and his pathetic voice mellowed by suffering were all fitted to inspire the young men with the reflection that they were helping to make history. I understand that the students do not now take the interest in the two Literary Societies that Col. Saunders and his compeers inspired. If this is so, I am sorry for it. There is no course in the University that will be worth more to you in the coming years than the faithful discharge of your society duties Your Society is a miniature world in which you may measure your capacity, discover your defects, and determine your future career—for here history is also prophecy. In my day we thought much of the honors which were the reward of power to sway men's hearts and heads in public assembly. I can still remember the apostrophe to the motto of the Phi Society uttered by one of its representatives in 1876: "Let us then. in conclusion," he said, "unite in striving to cultivate these three principles, Virtue, Liberty and Science, the motto of that Society which I represent; virtue, that we may desire to do right, liberty, that we may be free to do right, and science, that we may know how to do right."

Julian S. Carr was present at the rebirth too. and not at Raleigh with the politicians. He was seeking some way to *do* rather than to *get* good. How often has he been here since in every hour of need, a prince and pioneer of benefactors in North Carolina, and an example to rich men in all generations. I saw him lately on a crutch while he was recovering from a recent injury, and the reflection smote me like a blow from an unseen hand that, if that fall had been fatal, not one of us was possessed of literary talent worthy to write the story of his munificence. Well, he has written for himself on this campus a poem in brick and stone which shall be read for all time; around it will cluster the memory of his many good deeds, kept ever fresh by successive generations of those who shall enjoy his benefactions. May God bless him and continue his useful life and his great prosperity to a ripe old age.

* * *

If my audience will indulge me, I will take the liberty of painting a

mole on the face of our *Alma Mater*, which is now happily removed. It was the Agricultural Department of the University. This was the occasion of much good humored merriment among the students. Looking at the catalogue I find there ten agricultural students, but I only remember three: John Mallett, Rufus Merritt and Charles Bond—better known as "Fess" or "Professor" Bond. I suppose John had some preliminary training in his father's garden, and Bond may have taken a short intermittent preparatory course of practical agriculture in Bertie county, supplemented by hearing monthly discussions on farming at his country church; but Merritt gave no evidence of any previous preparation at all, and his predilections could not be so well accounted for. We classical students were disposed to look down with some contempt upon any course that did not lead directly to Bachelor of Arts; and the Agricultural course, though it had indeed little agriculture in it, was an offense to us. I had graduated, or rather escaped, from an agricultural school on my father's plantation, where the first recitation was at sunrise, and had come to the University to get away from just that sort of a school. Imagine then my surprise and indignation at what I thought was an attempt to profane these classic shades with the rude weapons of husbandry. Of course the students soon saw that the department was a joke, but we did not understand the secret of it until Dr. Battle was elected President of the University. The truth of the matter was that for several years after the State had passed through the "Carpet-bag" debauch, economy was the one virtue which every public man must profess and practice. If any one had seriously proposed to appropriate from the general treasury directly and without excuse seventy-five hundred dollars for the higher education of young men, he would have been looked upon as tainted with reconstruction prodigality. Therefore as the boys understood it, some doubly honest patriot discovered that, however true it was that the tax-payers' money ought not to be squandered on young men's education, it was also true that the State ought to pay its just debts, and that, as during the reconstruction times the U. S. Land-Grant money had been misinvested and lost, an honest Legislature ought at least to pay the interest on the debt, especially when the State itself was the beneficiary of its own honesty. The most prejudiced member could not well oppose the appropriation when it was put in this shape,

especially when the education to be promoted was to be "agricultural." "And now," explained our worthy President, and as he explained his genial smile would expand into an innocent, not to say *infantile*, laugh, "we teach French and German in our Agricultural course, but you know some of the very best agricultural works in the world are written in these beautiful languages." In the same way the Georgics and Bucolics could have been, and doubtless were, added, and the course expanded until it would have been the delight of Voltaire and Goethe, of Virgil and Demosthenes. The Legislature was "caught with guile" in in the same way St. Paul would fain have betrayed sinners into salvation. After we fully understood the joke, such expressions in the catalogue as "The degree of *Bachelor of Agriculture* is given to those students who have completed the Agricultural course," no longer gave mortal offense. It is true I did not know what a Bachelor of Agriculture was, nor do I now know, but I will give you a description from the catalogue of '75-'76 by which you will be able to recognize one, if you should ever meet him:

First Year: Chemistry, Natural History, Book-keeping, Commercial Arithmetic, Algebra, Rhetoric, *the Bible.*"

"*Second Year:* Physics, Agriculture, Mathematics, Modern History, *the Bible.*"

"*Third Year*: Geology, Mineralogy, Surveying, Draughting, Mathematics, Constitutional Law, *the Bible.*" I pause here long enough to remark that this last named Book was also prescribed in the agricultural school which my father kept on his plantation. There is one precept of agriculture contained in its sacred pages, addressed primarily to the first farmer and horticulturalist, but doubtless intended for them all, which I used to think of after each hard day's work had enforced its lesson by the kindergarten method: "Cursed is the ground for thy sake: in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life."

A year or two after the first, the catalogue took a bolder tone, and under the dignified title of "Agricultural Studies" I find: "By availing themselves of an *optional course*, students whose time and means are limited, may obtain purely agricultural instruction in branches deemed of special value. The faculty recommend, however, that every sacrifice possible should be made to secure a *symmetrical education.*" It was in

order to complete this "symmetrical education," that French and German were added, and probably constituted additional prerequisites to the degree of *Bachelor of Agriculture.*

The catalogue continues: "Efforts are being made for the collection into a *museum* of the best models of plows and other agricultural implements to serve as models for instruction of the pupil. A considerable number is already on hand and others are expected." I do not doubt that this museum was somewhere on the Hill, and the students were perfectly willing that any *agricultural implements* should remain in the museum, but any attempt to use them for practical instruction near the sacred precincts of this Campus, or indeed, anywhere in connection with this institution, would have been resented, and some practical jokes would have prevented its repetition.

It never sat heavy on my conscience that the interest on the State's indebtedness for the Land Script Fund was used to start the University. It was subsequently taken away and appropriated to the Agricultural College at Raleigh, but it was not until the University was strong enough to run without it. None of her sons took any part in the agitation for the withdrawal of the appropriation, and I took pains at the time to place the credit where it justly belonged. But sooner or later all have become glad that it was done. The money was placed where it belonged and room was made here for larger appropriations. The friends of the University were too timid, and some are still so: I believe now that the people have always been willing to give money enough to make this institution most efficient in all its branches, wherever its claims have been properly presented. Many good things have been lost by not asking for them—money, and hands, and hearts, yes, even Heaven itself. Even in the days of hysterical economy that superseded the reconstruction period the appropriation would have been doubled if it had been seriously asked and insisted on.

I would like to see the trustees of this University compelled by law to attend its commencements, and for such services paid a reasonable mileage and *per diem* while in attendance. The State of North Carolina is not a pauper, and it ought not to require thirty or forty thousand dollars, the assets and income of this institution, to be administered in *forma pauperis.*

Fear not the jangle of conflicting interests and opinions which great

educational meetings at commencement might produce. "Think not I am come to send peace on earth," said the Prince of Peace, "I came not to send peace but a sword." There must be wars and rumors of wars if we expect to conquer the illiteracy that seems to be spreading in the face of the common schools of North Carolina; which are indeed so *common* that they are breaking down the interest in private schools and putting nothing efficient in their places. The plan of battle against the ignorance in our State must be devised here. I will not admit that the University is the head of the Common School System until it assumes the responsibility of making that system efficient.

* * *

Of the faculty of the University it is not my special province to speak. The Chairman, Dr. Charles Phillips, or "Old Fatty" as we called him, was the most impressive looking man among them: head massive, face leonine, and his heart big as a water-bucket. His expression was good-natured, his gait gouty, his coat short. The boys sported with his nick-name and infirmities, but respected his character and learning. He was perfectly fearless. He went out to meet the line of students as they marched in a sort of impromtu protest after the carriage that was carrying away three of their number who had been suspended for holding a mock prayer-meeting. The boys did not realize that they were in *quasi* rebellion against constituted authority until they were face to face with the old Chairman and had heard him say in a voice of sorrow and deep feeling, "Young gentlemen, this is all wrong. This will never do." They halted to hear him speak, and, in a moment after he had finished they all turned and straggled in their several ways back towards the buildings; in a short while *Old Fatty* was afflicting the Freshmen with Todhunter's Algebra as though nothing had happened. He was not so strict in grading nor so successful in teaching the first steps in mathematics as Ralph Graves; it may be that it had been too long since he took them himself. In fact, beyond all doubt, the most successful teachers in college were the youngest professors, Graves and Winston. It fell to my lot in 1890 to read on this rostrum a brief sketch of Professor Graves; Dr. Winston, I am happy to say, is here with us, and still looks almost as vigorous as he appeared a quarter of a century ago.

Professor Hooper was a model of decorum, gentility, scholarship, and

culture. His dignity and urbanity did not however suffice to protect him from his nick-name "Old Frog." Nothing ever ruffled his temper or rattled his understanding. He was never sick; or if so, he never complained. He was never in a hurry, but never behind in his appointments. He had cultivated away his enthusiasm but not his charity. He spoke evil of none and had no outspoken enemies; he never flattered and had no false friends. Envy was too busy with easier game to waste much time on his reputation. Confident that the Lord had made the world, he was content that He should order its government: therefore he was not ambitious. As a teacher he did not sufficiently manifest his zeal for his work nor his sympathy with the student. He was as modest as a woman and not more demonstrative than one who does not wish her feelings known. Few incidents enlivened his class-room. I had no idea that he even knew his nick-name until I heard him rebuke Harry Stubbs for drawing the picture of a frog on the blackboard behind him. Well, he has passed away with the generation and the school of thought and culture that made him possible. We shall not look upon his like again.

Professor Mangum was essentially a preacher, and, though he had good natural literary instinct, he was never fully at home unless in his pulpit, or the lesson in Moral Science allowed him to make a pulpit of his chair and his class a congregation. We all knew that in his heart of hearts he would rather see us on the "King's highway of holiness" than in the way of getting our diplomas, and some of us took occasion to appear pretty regularly in his congregation to advertise the fact that our hearts were right anyhow. Dr. Mangum never despaired of a religious boy; to others, not himself, he allowed the latitude of falling from grace. He encouraged pretty free discussion in his class-room and enjoyed his own discomfiture if it was accompanied with due regard for his position. He was too gentle to be strict. His life as a circuit-rider had not been the best training for the severe and regular duties of a professor, but he worked hard and conscientiously, and he trained his pupils *separately* and *privately* for public speaking. He often illustrated the lesson with anecdotes, some of which he would repeat whenever he thought it necessary. When the young orators where training their eagles' pinions for celestial flights he would warn them against soaring

so high as not to be able to come down with grace and ease He told us of the young speaker who described a storm he witnessed from the seashore. "The white capped breakers came rolling and dashing and beating against the shore, and—and—and—threw up the mud to a considerable distance." That orator would not be regarded as a failure now —oratory consists in "throwing mud"—and sometimes "from a considerable distance." I think Frank Winston gave us Dr. Mangum's fish story at last Commencement and otherwise invaded the field of reminiscence.

* * *

The prince of modern poets has told us that "the evil that men do lives after them, while the good they do is oft interred with their bones," and I find myself so far affected by the fall of Adam that I can remember the little evil that my fellow students did better than all of their good. I dare say four-fifths of them were as steady, hard-working and sober a body of young men as ever came together in any institution of learning in the South, but it affords me no amusement to record their virtues, and I am not sure that it will entertain my audience,—who are doubtless so accustomed to virtue that it might seem prosy. Nearly all the irregularities at college were committed by a very few students, and these were not more than enough to keep the friends of good government organized and vigilant. Virtue must have the opposition of vice, or it dies of atrophy.

In those days the two Literary Societies were potent factors in upholding the standard of good morals. As long as the student was ashamed of his short-comings the Societies were content with being privately ashamed of him; but if he was blatant and public in his defiance of the moral code, they had summary methods of dealing with him. Since my experience in the Phi Society I have never doubted that the Anglo-Saxon youth, in bodies of one hundred, more or less, is capable of self-government,

The wrongdoers were divided into two classes: those who were dissipated and sometimes insubordinate, and those who, while steady enough ordinarily, sometimes fell. For these last only will I pause to drop a tear. Saturday was always a holiday, and one of the *quasi* orderly tudents got it into his head that he would get drunk to see how it felt.

He went down to a shop where the innocent keeper was religiously endeavoring to harmonize the local prohibition law with the habit of keeping for sale brandy-peaches in measures *not* less than a quart, and got him a bottle, which he smuggled back into his room. Not being sufficiently intimate with the multitude which "run to do evil" to trust any of them with his secret, he concluded it would be safest to get drunk by himself, or at least with no companion except the devil, who is understood to be present at every "drunk and down"—and indeed wherever and whenever even *one* person has gathered himself together in his name or has decided to experiment seriously with one of his tools. After carefully locking the door the *quasi* orderly student proceeded to drink all the brandy off the peaches, and was struck, he said, with how little of the peach flavor it had acquired. The eating of the peaches was a matter of secondary consideration, but he essayed to do that also, when the rotary motion of the earth asserted itself with a new lateral twist he had never felt before. Landed safely on his bed, a feat of inland navigation which he had great difficulty in performing, he observed, or rather experienced, a motion of the earth which was not only new to him but was not set down in any of the books on astronomy. The foot of his bed began slowly to rise until it had lifted him from his horizontal position to an inclined plane of at least forty five degrees. He continued in that position until he *felt* "an aching void the world could never fill," and then, he and his bed, which had tilted with him, resumed their *status quo*. The law of gravitation, too he said, asserted itself stronger than ever he knew it. His weight greatly increased, and he lay so flat that you could have gotten a case knife between him and his bed.

A year or two after this occurence, probably in 1877, a lobby member of the Y. M. C. A. fell, like Adam on the road from innocence to virtue —that is to say, he had certainly left innocence behind. His fall was the delectation of Joe Ransom and the whole congregation of sinners. Death and sin love a shining mark, and this victim had a red head. His fondness for public speaking more than his zeal for religion betrayed him into making a harangue in the Christian Association three quarters of an hour long. His discourse exhausted so much of the grey matter in his brain that he did not recognize the horns and tail of satan

in his cup, and he fell with all his shining armor on. The rumor of his disaster spread to my ears, and I visited him *flagrante delicto*. He was surrounded by the paraphernalia of recuperation, but had not recuperated. I hailed him: "Hello ————, how is it you make long Y. M. C. A. speeches on Sunday and then get drunk before the week is out." He confessed and avoided like one of his far away ancestors, but had no woman to lay the blame on. He attempted to raise his head by putting his hand under it, but the law of gravitation had made a specialty of that *enlightened* member. It would not move. However, his tongue was his strong point, and upon that essential part of the human organism sin and mean liquor and the great law which the earth obeys had no visible effect. He said: "I'll tell you, Peele, I've got religion as good as any man you ever saw, but I will have these irreligious fits." He had one on him then, was drunk all over except his tongue, and yet he found the most charitable excuse for this failure I have ever heard. I hope through his life he has found it as easy to throw over the sins of others the mantle of love, as on that occasion he found it to throw over his own the veil of complacency. If so, the guardian of the golden gate may find good and sufficient reason for letting him into that Kingdom where there are no "irreligious fits," and little, I hope, to provoke them.

But some of our religion was made of sterner stuff than that which vented itself in speech-making and fell in the wrestle with corn-liquor. I have in my mind's eye a young man who early entered the ministry, who bore a reputation for zeal and consistency among his fellow students, and who fell *not* into temptation, though he preached the doctrine of falling from grace, which so many of us, who do not preach it, *illustrate*. Even the worldly amusements of commencement time, such as dancing all night, did not dilute the quality of his faith. On the the contrary, he determined to scatter some of the flowers of material pleasure along the road to Heaven, and to give the boys who could not or did not dance an opportunity to see that they would not have to wait to get to the happy land to realize some of its joys. Girls were to be provided just as fair as the dancing girls, and ice-cream, which the dancing girls had to go out to get and the dancing boys had to pay for, was provided for the faithful, free. The spot chosen for this pious experiment, or "lawn party," as it was called, was about fifty yards north of the Old East

building, on the "forbidden ground", and close to the walk which leads to the old Watson Hotel. Perhaps there was a touch of pride in having it where those given over to worldly amusements might see it, and where the children of light and the boys who did not dance could compare the two rival entertainments, the ball and the lawn party. The latter had the advantage of beginning first—and, I might add here parenthetically, it ended first—which was not so clearly an advantage, except from a strictly moral standpoint. 1 subscribed to it, but went to the ball. Making some inquiries about it, I heard it was very slimly attended. At last I concluded I would go out and see how it fared, for wherever a small portion of a man's treasure is, there will be found a small portion of his heart also. When I arrived on the scene—and though it was so comparatively early in the night,—the lawn party was quite deserted. The chairs and tables were still there and Chinese lanterns still burned in a semi-circle round the spot where the *feast* had been. Over beyond the Old East building, in what is now the Library, then the ball-room, I could hear the wail of the "devil's music"—(he seems to have a good ear for the "harmony of sweet sounds)"; the music of the lawn party, if they had any, had ceased. Without the ball-room stood the great walls of darkness intersected by the parallelograms of light which streamed through the long windows. Within, youth and beauty whirled in the delirium of life and pleasure. The rush of many feet and the hum of many voices floated out into the night. The dim lawn-party lanterns flickered in their sockets until, one after another, they went out. The great trees of the Campus swayed as they interlocked their arms or swung singly in the night breezes which whispered nature's untranslated song of love to their trembling leaves. Above, the white stars moved with silent majesty in their long procession across the sky—circling through the ages to the "music of the spheres." Below, at times, among the shadows and along the gray walks, floated the visions of fair women, whose spirits are with us still,— called annually to commencement, by some magician, from hill and dale, from glen and forest—to vex, delude, delight, and vanish and again to materalize as the joy of a thousand happy homes.

Doubtless the inventor of the lawn party, if he surveyed this scene at that hour, must, in the after years, have concluded, as I did then, that

there was a time for all things and that if his side represented exclusively the cause of religion, he had chosen Cemetery Ridge on which to wage his conflict that night. He has lost and won so many fights since then that he has grown more wary in choosing his battle-ground—content now, perhaps, if he can only inculcate, with success, the truth that pleasure was made for man and not man for pleasure.

* * *

Fellow Alumni, I have finished the crude picture you asked me to make to remind you of our first college days. Many who were with us then are not here today, and some will never come. With some who remain the blue haze of youth is reddening toward evening, and the gray forms which seem to be taking shape among the clouds along the nearing sky line may well be the headlands on the unknown shore. The voices which call to duty now are sometimes mingled with those which chant of rest. What we would do for our State and nation, for humanity and our Alma Mater, we must do with all diligence, for behold, successive troops of younger men with ever hastening steps are coming to take our places! Be it so; it hath been so decreed.

A few days ago from the top of your capitol, at Raleigh, I saw the encroaching darkness from another world encircling our own and spreading its weird and sinister shadow along the path of the sun. When the gloom was deepest, I beheld what seemed the smile of God Almighty bursting from behind the black obstruction, illumining the heavens and breaking the "disastrous twilight" which overcast the earth.

A few years ago—it does not seem so very long—it was my privilege, with Vance and Saunders and the many who have gone, and with some I see around me, to witness Heaven's propitious smile break the ill-starred gloom which had hung for years over this institution. We beheld with our own eyes the chilling shadow pass and the darkness flee away before the advancing light of learning.

Her place firmly fixed in the Constitution and laws of our State and in the hearts of its people, her orbit determined by the counsels of those who guide its destinies, under God, it is my prayer and the prayer of all her children that our *Alma Mater* shall see the night of eclipse no more.

THE UNIVERSITY: ITS WORK AND ITS NEEDS.

BY EDWIN A. ALDERMAN, LL.D.

You have heard from one who was a large part of all that he described the brave story of the re-birth of this University. You have heard from one who was a large part of all that he described, the inspiring story of the beginnings of the revived institution and its growth into power. I have the directer task of setting forth the University as it is today and of declaring its needs for fine and honest service in the strange, new century awaiting it and us, and our children. I believe that this University is the highest achievment of the best brain and impulses of the best people of all classes of the State of North Carolina. It is the child of civic virtue and democratic necessity, and it has been forever true to its parentage. Four distinctive traits of individual character mark its life.

1. Its freedom from academic aloofness. This University has managed to see from the first the relation of culture and training to social service and has touched and awakened the life about it in all of its concerns, in the field, in the factory, in war, in peace, at the forum, in the teacher's study. It has been sensitive to new needs as they arose, sympathetic and patient with the inevitable popular indifference to higher education, and gentle and dignified always to strange hostilities and antagonisms. Though but a little over one per cent. of the population of the area which it serves has received training here during the wonderful eighty years of separation and stillness between 1800 and 1880, yet I am able to submit this broad record of University achievment. Of the United States Senators from this State, forty-four per cent. went from this University; of the members of Congress, forty per cent.; of the Governors of the State, fifty-eight per cent.; of the Lieutenant-Governors, fifty-nine per cent.; of the Speakers of the House of Representatives, fifty per cent.; of the State officers, twenty-two per cent.; of the Judges of the Supreme Court, fifty-two per cent. And not only in public life but in the profession of teaching, of agriculture, of industrial and mechanical endeavor, while it is not possible to express its influence in

percentage, it is true to say that the formative influences in each of these great departments of society have come from this institution. In war one might silently point to that long roll inscribed on those tablets,

"Of those whose faith and truth
On war's red touchstone rang true metal."

Yet it can be said accurately that forty per cent. of the total enrollment of this University from 1825 to 1867 were in the Confederate army. The average enrollment of the New England colleges in the Federal army was twenty-three per cent., and of Yale University, the highest of them all, 25 per cent. Since the re-opening of the institution in 1875, 2,896 students have matriculated here; five hundred and sixty-two have graduated here and entered the various professions of life. There is no arithmetic that can calculate the good these men have done, or can estimate the loss to the State if this army of trained men had not been sent out into its life. Ninety-three per cent. of these matriculates have come from this State, and I dare say that there has been no new movement for good in which they have not been active. Fifty per cent. of these matriculates have been the sons of men who never knew the advantages of college training. Thus, while old family stocks have been kept strong and fit, new material has been sent out to become the heads of cultured homes and to bear testimony to their communities. In such ways is developed the true aristocracy of republics—character enriched by learning.

2. The University has managed to accomplish greater results on smaller means than any American institution. Its income from the State today is twenty-five thousand dollars annually. Its income from all sources is forty-eight thousand dollars. Its faculty numbers thirty-five members. Its enrollment of students is five hundred and twelve; including summer school, 673. It maintains a continuous session and summer school for teachers. Compare this with other Southern institutions and you will find that this is the smallest income with which such results are accomplished anywhere in this State or in the Southern States.

3. The spirit of freedom and toleration and equality in its life. Three-fourths of the students here are the sons of poor men, or are here as the result of money borrowed or earned. All sects, parties and conditions

meet and mingle here on an equal footing and love the place with an equal love. I have seen men fighting in unity of purpose for this place who did not agree with each other on any other public question in heaven above or the earth beneath, and some of them could not agree with themselves over Sunday. North Carolina owes much of the dignity and the freedom from rancor of its public life to the manly spirit of respect for motives engendered here.

4. The passionate but disorganized affection of its alumni. I know of no place in which the genius loci exerts such wonderful influence as it does in this quiet village. The old alumnus thinks of Chapel Hill as Hastings did of his home and would like to die here. The middle-aged man in the strife of life holds the place in his mind as he does the lighted lamp and the gentle faces gathered about his hearthstone. The young boy whose feet have just faded from its doors thinks of it as the sailor man upon the sea thinks of his home. The University of North Carolina is an honest, faithful force, deriving its inspirations not from traditions and records but from the knowledge that it must have a hand in the forceful struggle for deeper wisdom and heightened power in all forms of life. Is it fit to live or die? Is it fit to expand or contract, to grow or to stagnate? Is it fit to become a great University, or to become a small college? Do North Carolinians need it as Virginians need their great school, or Texans theirs, or Louisianians theirs? Has it not earned through decades of service and sacrifice the right to fulfill its destiny? Can it be denied the means to grow without violating the young manhood of the State? And such manhood! I do not believe a finer type reaches up into life in America than the boy of these regions. In common with my brother college presidents of this State, I behold a quadrennial miracle. A boy presents himself in my office for matriculation. He is hard of hand, strong of face, ungainly of address, with the rude disorder of nature evident in his thinking and in his manner. But he has a faith, and it is a good faith shining in his eyes. It is the high Scotch faith in knowledge and culture from which poverty and hardship slink away abashed. And the four years go by, and something rich and strange comes into the face of that boy, something subtle enters into his motions and his speech—some pride of race, some consciousness of power, some intimation of immortality, and at last he stands here erect

and free—that noblest of God's creatures—an effective, cultured gentleman, fit to beget children and to lead them truly into life. Can we refuse to accord growth to such an institution without paying the cost in class hatred, in religious rancor, in town against country, in rich against poor, in agriculture against manufacture, in corporation against individual. The mere speculative contention that the State has no right to assist in creating its directive power has no place in my mind in this pleading. I deem that sentiment, as a deterrent force, as extinct as the mastodon. What is most to be feared is that stunting inheritance handed down to us from the grinding days of want and poverty which has accustomed us to the use of small means for great purposes. It may be seen in our treatment of the public school question, as well as in the treatment of the higher institutions. It is an inheritance, a geographical condition, and a habit of mind not a perversity, and it must be shaken off for the day of large things is at hand. Let no one fancy that I mean to cavil at this wise, conservative, just, dignified Commonwealth, with its tender constraining power to make a man once a North Carolinian a North Carolinian forever. This is a community where one might gladly choose to be born. It has trusted me and I have served it and tasted of its confidence and the taste is sweet to my soul. It has done much under stupendous difficulties, If it moves slowly, it moves with a certain grand steadfastness. If it sometimes lifts its foot to move along the highway of progress and keeps it suspended for twentv years, there are no twirlings and back-trackings. It simply needs to feel things in its bones before vivid action follows, and this is due in great part to the lack of the fierce impulsion of urban life. Whenever a true conception of what a real University is gets into the bone and marrow of North Carolina, this institution will have the finest chance in America to realize its ideals. Whenever it is understood what an adequate system of public education means in productive power to a free people, the percentage of illiteracy will drop like a thermometer in a blizzard and the pitiful ideal of a four months' school will be replaced by the juster ideal of a nine months' school. I believe that this day of large things is dawning in North Carolina. I pray that it is. It is dawning in other Southern States. Fifteen years ago the State's educational duty towards its children was a debatable proposition, but today it is an axiom and measures

the growth of the public conscience and the sweep of the public vision during that period. The church approves it, the statesman proclaims it, the rich man sees its force in society, and the poor man thanks God for it. I believe that the educational policy of the State will be shaped for half a century within the next decade. It is true to say, however, that now it is atomistic and chaotic. There is no just correlation of the various elements. Primary education is set over against itself. Higher education is labelled and stood in its corner, sometimes with the finger of detraction pointing at it and seeking to have us believe that it stands for the monstrous theory of the benefit of the few at the expense of the many. The preparatory school is not fitly articulated in the broad scheme. The schools of the churches and the schools of private enterprise do their work and stand for their ideas. The unity of the educational process is not fully recognized. The conception of it, however named, as a social servant is not realized. The construction of a new educational system is a fine piece of work as difficult as it is essential to democracies. Let us make no patchwork job of this great subject. We have been struggling with it for sixty years, but intelligent study of the whole subject has not been made since Archibald Murphey submitted the celebrated report in 1816. A good public school system is our supreme need, and I may say, with Jefferson, that as my first plea in life was for public schools, my latest plea here shall be for them also, but the University is as much a part of this system as the log school house. The point for the coming educational statesman (and that wholesome variety of statesman has indeed arisen among us), to see and to act upon is the intimate relation between higher and lower schools, and to afford them co-ordinate growth. The University is the dynamo, the public school the incandescent light. To spend all the money on the dynamo and neglect to provide for any lamps would be a crime for any community, but to spend it all on the lamps and neglect to provide for the dynamo would be a farce. I believe the new Governor and the General Assembly would act wisely to appoint a commission to study and report in great detail on this great question before our educational policy hardens into law and becomes fixed for generations.

The time has come to decide what sort of a University we are going to make out of this noble foundation. Shall it be a good, honest discipli-

nary college, seeking no new truths, dealing with letters and records and traditions and arts, or shall it become a great modern force, doing that alone, but alert to all social needs from the problems of suffrage to the problems of the transference of electric force? There can be but one answer to this question. While I do not believe that any Yale or Harvard can ever be built here, yet I do believe that the State of North Carolina has the opportunity to make here a far-reaching and powerful institution, call it University or what you will. There can be no limit set to the ideals of a State University. It must be the source of power to all below it, or fail miserably, and everything may be taught in it necessary to citizenship, livelihood and character in the twentieth century. After isolation, war, submersion, we are entering into membership in the modern world. Immense combinations of endeaver and capacity face the isolated individual. Not only is there needed the directive brain and cunning hand, the factory and the blast furnace, but the man who has the right public spirit and the force to make himself felt; the thinking man who sees that civic unity and community effort must replace the raw individualism and the disunion and rage of section, party, and sect. This is the social engine to create that benign force. Three great needs appear in order to bring about this result:

1. An appropriation of fifty thousand dollars a year, as an investment in manhood and directive capacity.

2. A scientific, business-like organization of the alumni demanding what is right and getting it, and opening their own purses for the good of alma mater.

3. A broader and more effective scheme of administration.

The University has grown amazingly since 1875, as these gentlemen can see. In the last nine years the numbers have increased one hundred and fifty per cent, while its income has increased only twenty-five per cent. Its standards have been maintained and advanced. I have some pleasure in declaring that it is at its high water mark in numbers, equipment and income, but I have a finer and truer satisfaction in declaring that this is due largely to those who have gone before me and to the labors of those who have worked with me, to the high mindedness, the faith and sagacity of Kemp P. Battle, to the energy and resourcefulness and power of Geo. T. Winston, to the loyalty and co-operation of the

faculty and trustees through all the years. This splendid achievment has been made through grinding economy, ceaseless toil, vigilant, quick-eyed appreciation of popular needs. There has been no Olympian nonsense here. The University has kept its eyes on the people. It has let no grass grow between the public schools and its doors, and if it ever does, that neglect will spell RUIN for it. It has gone out into the highways and hedges and beaten in the throng. It has taken great risks. It has denied itself decencies, comforts and absolute necessities. It has poured its small income into daily instruction. It has helped thousands to come here through loans and scholarships. It has set the pace in the Southern States for large achievment on a small income. All that unselfishness and economy, all that devotion and saving, and turning of old clothes can do has been done. The great need is not to scrimp and save, but to get something to spend wisely for large growth. Enthusiasm and faith will not equip laboratories nor build universities. We need to know that one hundred thousand dollars a year is a very small income for a modern university. In the East and Northwest institutions are not taken seriously unless they have that much force behind them. The South has caught the idea. We need money so that we may rise sharply from out the plains, ample and even magnificent, so that the world may know that this is indeed the eldest child of the State, so that philanthropy may feel sure of its gift, so that new departments may be organized, old departments may be renewed, new teachers employed, worthy teachers better paid, the spirit of hope and assured growth spread about.

This is the work to be done by the alumni and friends of the University, guided and inspired by the administration. To that end the executive should be freed from small details and given some time to think, to speak authoritatively on educational questions, to move helpfully among the people, to mould larger policies, to represent fully University culture at home and abroad. And to that end the alumni should band themselves together in tight and strong organizations along the lines suggested last year and to be further elaborated to-night. The enormous and sentimental and practical force of this great body instead of wasting itself in memories and boastings and amenities or bewailings, should find itself, and know itself, as a weapon in every community, well-

knit to alma mater and clear of purpose to beat down opposition and cause this great, noble State to sustain and strengthen the institution that gave them their intellectual liberty. Thousands of men who do not call it mother, but who have got the religion of public spirit and State pride, will lend a hand. And there is no despair in the task or in my heart, dear friends, as to the final results. It is absurd to say that this State will not do the large, just thing by its institutions when it knows just what that thing is, and our people have a good, old-fashioned way of submitting to being talked to. The State is too great and sagacious not to do right, and the University is too worthy not to receive right treatment. There is needed boldness but kindness of speech, and an end forever of the apologetic manner. The State has a right to build up its University. The man who says that it has not this right is speaking puny words against a spirit as strong as common sense, as solemn as the instinct of self-preservation and as resistless as the winds of nature. And it has the wealth to do it, too. A new State has been born in these twenty-five years. This is not the State that lay barely convalescent from the fever of war, struggling to endure, without energy in law or order in society, when Graham and Steele and Cameron and Battle and Saunders and Phillips and Graves and Manning and a hundred others plucked these buildings from grass and weeds, and with hope and self-denial as their comrade sought to make a University with an income of seventy-five hundred dollars a year. North Carolina has become a great industrial community. The frenzy and fever of accumulation has gotten into its blood. It has learned the hang of industrial success stolen from its fathers while they slept under the deadening touch of slavery. From countless thousands of looms and spindles and whirring saws and clacking machinery come the shouts and songs of power and success. Wealth has come, and if this State with its central position and breed of strong men, permits states to the North of it and states to the South of it to devlop their institutions, while this strategic possibility with its beauty, with its heroic past, is left to starve in mediocrity and is not turned into a great actuality with a splendid present, this neglect will be the saddest instance in the history of democratic countries of a failure to use a great, God-given opportunity.

It has seemed to me to be my duty to set my hand to work elsewhere

in this Southern land. With what sadness and regret I have elected to do this thing, I may not speak, but I may believe that every good man sympathizes. I have come to know afresh, dear friends, that this is quite the pleasantest spot on earth to me. Here I first learned the secret of love, and here I have made acquaintance with grief. Here the scholar's life first showed itself admirable and fair to my eyes. Here in the company of unselfish men and ardent youth I have done the day's work as the days went by. I go to a wide and honorable labor, but all the fine aspirations of my heart shall, at all times, stretch their hands hitherward and lift up their eyes to these hills for help--in the grim winter, when the sun blazes against the panes of the severe old buildings; in the soft spring, when greenness and blooming fall like magic around the campus byways; in the autumn-time when the maple leaves flame red, like fire, in the eager air.

May God put it into the brain and purpose of our people to cherish this great school, "so that their honorable men may not be famished and their multitudes dried up with thirst." May this noble people hold up high the strong hands of our new president to whom I make obeisance, and proffer my allegiance to him personally. The dying king shouts, with the loudest "vive le roi;" and for the dear mother, whom he must guard and strengthen, he cries with the love of a son, "may she always prosper."